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December 30, 1962 - Sunday

Bright and sunny, still freezing. We packed, ate, gave last minute instructions, motored to Lynchburg airport. A Fairchild, outbound from Atlanta, picked up the five of us. It was a turbulent non-stop fifty-minute flight to Washington, where trusty Truman met us. There had been a heavy snow in the capital. Jim Surtees arrived later from Wilmington, where she had been pursuing her pre-Raphaelite quarry. We supped on hamburgers and shrimps from the carry-out shop; the children are almost expert in setting the table and washing dishes.

[illegible] 6-17-81

December 31, 1962 - Monday

Temperature 10°. I was at the Department at nine o'clock. Spent most of the morning with Bob Schaetzel, Chip Bohlen, George Ball, Jeff Kitchen and others, before we all went up to Secretary Rusk's office. The chief concern was over instructions to Chip, who leaves tonight for Paris, on how he was to report the Nassau Conference decisions to the French Government.

What we should now do is to reflect for a few weeks on what we already have done.

Dean Rusk asked me to lunch with him. He is a fine man. He is puzzled over the lack of understanding between Home and himself on the Congo, where trouble has again flared up; there has been bloodshed, the UN troops are in control at Elizabethville and have occupied other centers in Katanga, while UN planes have destroyed Katangese aircraft on the ground. Tshombe has fled to Rhodesia.

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